And our induction full of proſperous hope.

Hot. Lord *Mortimer*, and coſin *Glendower*, wil you ſit downe?
And vncle *Worceſter*; a plague vpon it, I haue forgot the Map.

Glen. No, heere it is; ſit coſin *Percy*, ſit good coſin *Hotſpur*; for by that name, as often as *Lancaſter* doth ſpeake of you, his cheeke lookes pale, and with a riſing ſigh hee wiſheth you in Heauen.

Hot. And you in Hell, as oft as hee heares *Owen Glendower* ſpoke of.

Glen. I cannot blame him; at my natiuitie,
The front of Heauen was full of firie ſhapes,
Of burning Creſſets: and at my birth,
The frame and foundation of the Earth
Shak'd like a Coward.

Hot. Why ſo it would haue done at the ſame ſeaſon, if your mothers Cat had but kitned, though your ſelfe had neuer beene borne.

Glen. I ſay, the Earth did ſhake when I was borne.

Hot. And I ſay, the Earth was not of my minde,
If you ſuppoſe, as fearing you, it ſhooke.

Glen. The Heauens were all on fire, the Earth did tremble.

Hot. Oh, then the Earth ſhooke to ſee the Heauens on fire,
And not in feare of your Natiuitie:
Diſeaſed Nature oftentimes breakes forth
In ſtrange eruptions, and the teeming Earth,
Is with a kinde of Collicke pincht and vext,
By the impriſoning of vnruly Winde
Within her wombe, which for inlargement ſtriuing,
Shakes the old Beldame Earth, and topples downe
Steeples, and moſſe-growne Towers. At your Birth
Our Grandam Earth, hauing this diſtemperature,
In paſſion ſhooke.

Glen. Coſin, of many men
I doe not beare theſe croſſings: giue me leaue
To tell you once againe, that at my Birth,
The front of Heauen was full of fierie ſhapes,
The Goats ranne from the Mountaines; and the Heards
Were ſtrange'y clamorous to the frighted Fields,

Theſe ſignes haue markt me extr
And all the courſes of my life do
I am not in the roll of common
Where is the liuing, clipt in with
That chides the Banks of *Englan*
Which cals me pupill, or hath rea
And bring him out that is but W
Can trace me in the tedious waye
And hold me pace in deepe exp

Hot. I thinke there's no man ſ
Ile to dinner.

Mor. Peace coſen *Percy*, you

Glen. I can call Spirits from th

Hot. Why, ſo can I, or ſo can
But will they come, when you do

Glen. Why, I can teach thee coo

Hot. And I can teach thee coo
By telling truth. Tell truth, and
If thou haue power to raiſe him,
And Ile be ſworne, I haue power
Oh while you liue, tell truth, and

Mor. Come, come no more o

Glen. Three times hath *Henry*
Againſt my power, thrice from
And Sandy bottom'd *Seuerne* ha
Bootles home, and weather-bea

Hot. Home without Bootes, a
How ſcapes he agues in the diue

Glen. Come, here is the Map,
According to our threefold orde

Mor. The *Arch-deacon* hath
Into three limits, very equally:
England from *Trent*, and *Seuerne*
By South and Eaſt, is to my part a
All Weſtward *Wales* beyond the
And all the fertile land within tha
To *Owen Glendower*: and deare c
The remnant Northward, lying

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